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SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

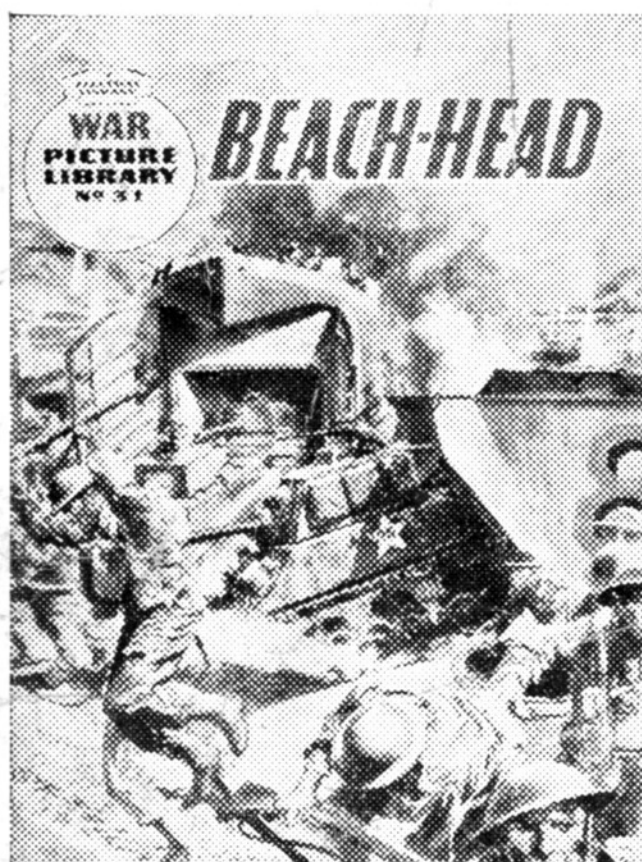


ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 31—BEACH-HEAD

No. 32—CONVOY



This is the story of one of the men who scouted the invasion beaches at Salerno and of his bid to snatch his captured comrades from the hands of the ruthless enemy.



The convoy to Russia sailed into an unbelievable hell of Arctic storms and deadly ice, of lurking U-boats and marauding aircraft—but the worst enemy of all was the traitor within the convoy itself.

Next month's **THREE** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** titles are :—

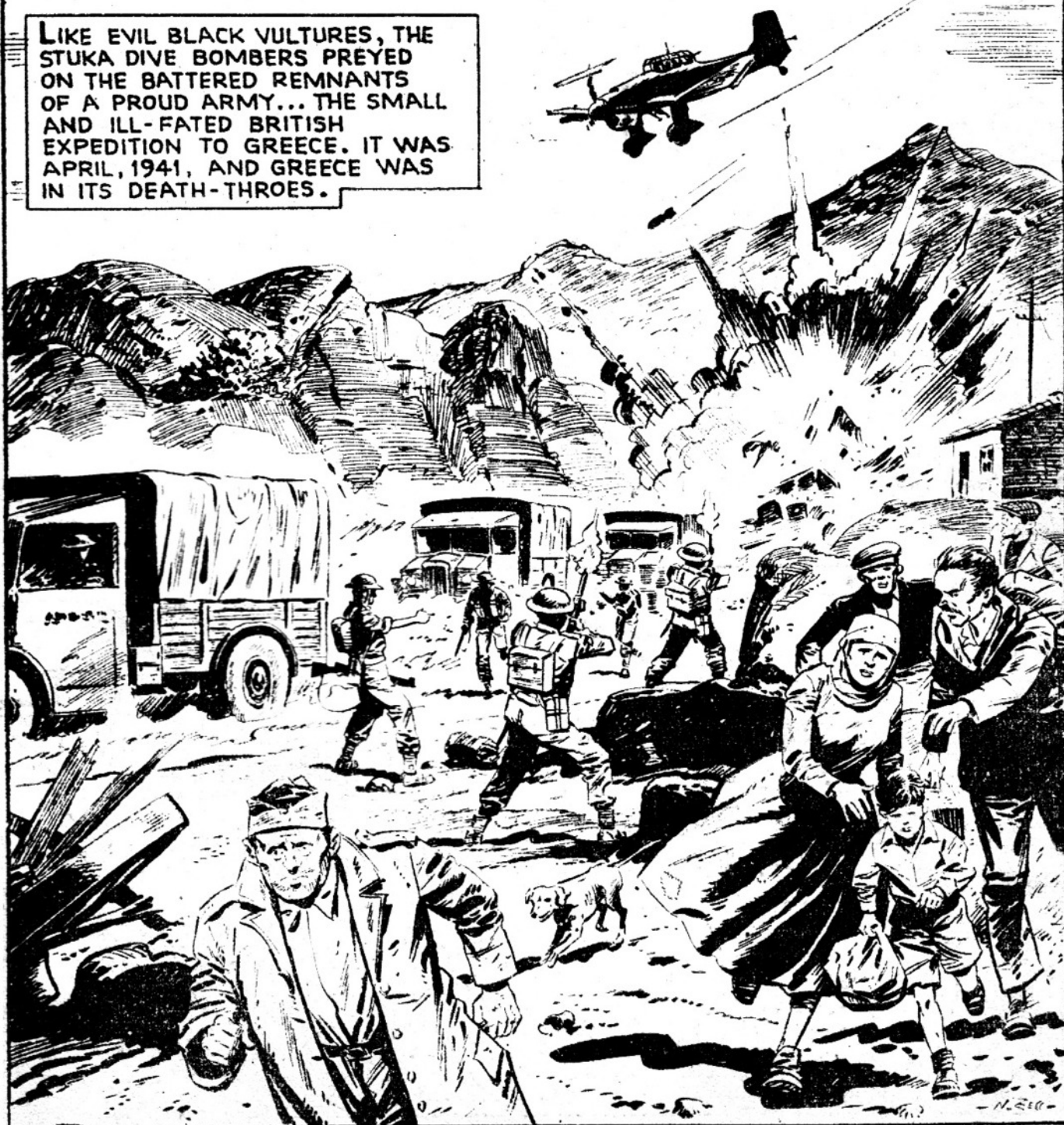
No. 33—UNDER FIRE

No. 34—FIX BAYONETS

No. 35—FULL STEAM

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

LIKE EVIL BLACK VULTURES, THE STUKA DIVE BOMBERS PREYED ON THE BATTERED REMNANTS OF A PROUD ARMY... THE SMALL AND ILL-FATED BRITISH EXPEDITION TO GREECE. IT WAS APRIL, 1941, AND GREECE WAS IN ITS DEATH-THROES.



Chapter 1. FIGHT-AND DIE!

IN HASTILY PREPARED POSITIONS OVERLOOKING THE LINE OF RETREAT, A TINY REARGUARD FORCE WATCHED THEIR COMRADES STRAGGLE PAST... THE GERMANS WOULD NOT BE FAR BEHIND.

HOW ABOUT A NICE HOT CUP OF CHAR, SIR... AND A BULLY SANDWICH? FIGHT BETTER ON A FULL STOMACH, I RECKON.

NO DOUBT YOU'RE RIGHT, SHARP... THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO BUT SIT AND WAIT.



BUT THEIR VIGIL WAS TO BE SHORTER THAN EVEN CAPTAIN LOMAS OR HIS ORDERLY, PRIVATE HARRY SHARP, EXPECTED. AS THE INFANTRY OFFICER RAISED THE MUG TO HIS LIPS, THE ACTION ON THE ROAD BELOW QUICKENED UP...

HULLO... THOSE BLOKES SEEM TO THINK THEY'VE GOT SOMEONE CHASING THEM!

THEY PROBABLY HAVE. BY THUNDER... THEY'RE THE REAR PARTY OF THE BRAYSHIRES... WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM. THERE'S NOBODY BETWEEN THEM AND JERRY.



THE OFFICER CALLED A FEW LAST ENCOURAGING WORDS TO HIS MEN AND THEY SETTLED WITHOUT EMOTION BEHIND THEIR WEAPONS. FOR THEM, THERE WOULD BE NO MORE RUNNING... *HERE THEY WOULD FIGHT... AND DIE!*

THIS IS IT, LADS! FOR EVERY HOUR WE HOLD UP THE ENEMY, SEVERAL HUNDRED MEN WILL BE SAVED. IT'S UP TO US! NOW I'M GOING TO SIGNAL FOR THE BRIDGE TO BE BLOWN AND THEN WE'RE ON OUR OWN.



THEY MET THE GERMAN ADVANCE TROOPS WITH AN ACCURATE CROSSFIRE THAT STOPPED THE ENEMY IN THEIR TRACKS.



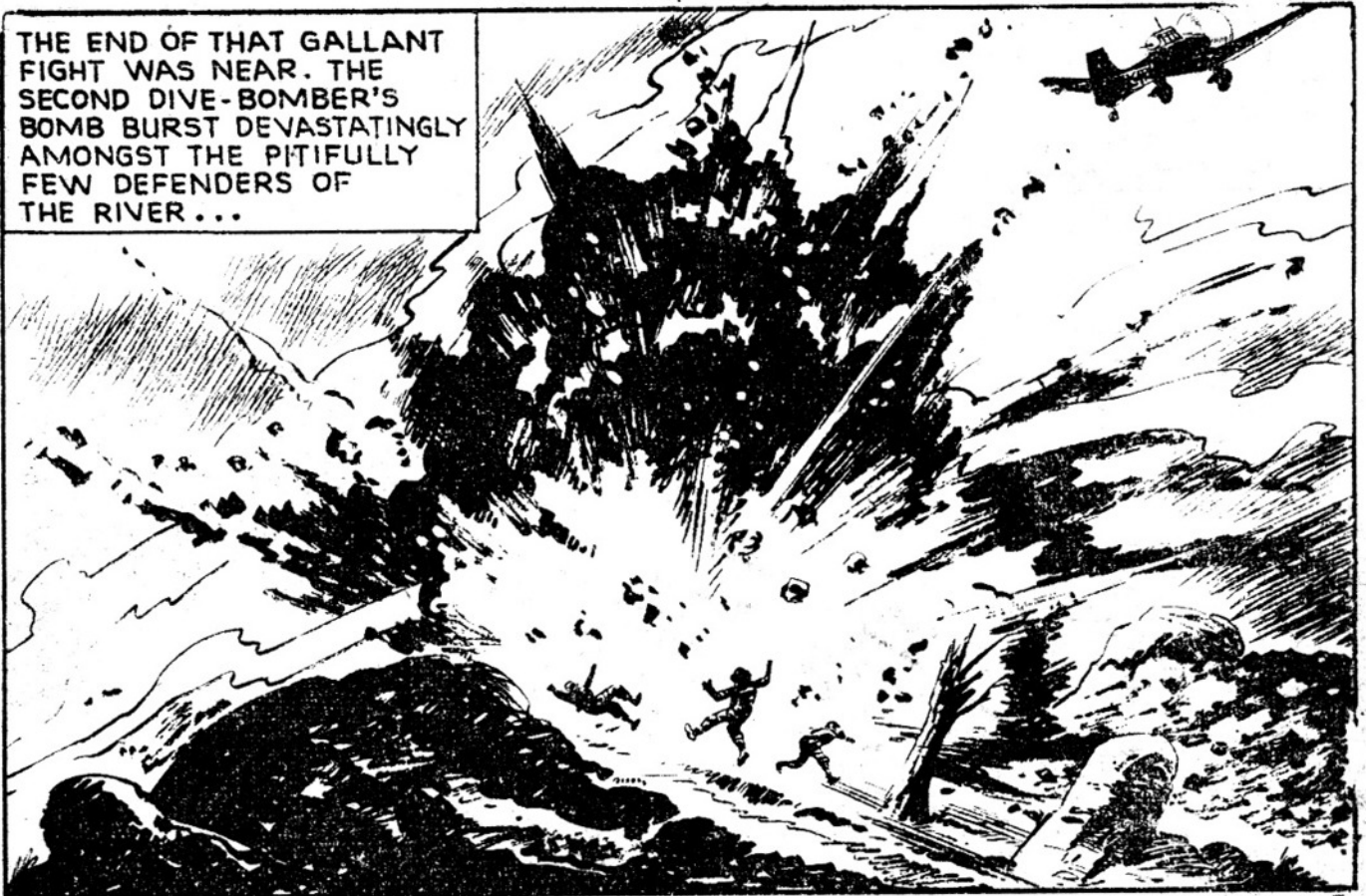
ALL THAT LONG, DRY DAY THEY FOUGHT, REPULSING ATTACK AFTER ATTACK AS THE GERMANS STROVE TO REACH THE RIVER THAT BARRED THEM FROM THEIR QUARRY.

WELL DONE, LADS...
LET'S GIVE THEM
A FEW MORE
FOR LUCK.

LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE GOING
TO GIVE US ONE
OR TWO FOR
LUCK, TOO! HERE
COME THE
STUKAS
AGAIN!



THE END OF THAT GALLANT FIGHT WAS NEAR. THE SECOND DIVE-BOMBER'S BOMB BURST DEVASTATINGLY AMONGST THE PITIFULLY FEW DEFENDERS OF THE RIVER...



AND AS THE BRITISH FIRE CEASED, THE GERMANS AT LAST STORMED OVER THE POSITION...



BY SUNSET, ALL WAS NOISY ACTIVITY AS GERMAN ENGINEERS BEGAN TO SPAN THE RIVER WITH A BRIDGE... AND ALREADY, THEIR INFANTRY WERE PRESSING THE PURSUIT...



BUT UP ON THE HILL THERE WAS THE SILENCE OF THE DEAD.

A PALE MOON ROSE SLOWLY OVER THE DISTANT HILLS, AND AS ITS RAYS SOFTENED THAT STARK SCENE...



PRIVATE HARRY SHARP, HIS MIND A WHIRLPOOL OF BLINDING PAIN, HIS BODY A MASS OF ACHING BRUISES, GAZED AROUND HIM...



CAPTAIN LOMAS... ALL THE LADS... DEAD... I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT!

BUT ALTHOUGH DEFEATED...
SURRENDER DID NOT
ENTER INTO THE THOUGHTS
OF THE TOUGH LITTLE
INFANTRYMAN ...



DRIVEN ON BY WILL-POWER ALONE, HARRY
STUMBLED INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE
BARREN HILLS UNTIL HE REACHED THE
HAVEN OF A COPSE... THERE HE COLLAPSED.



THE SUN WAS BLAZING FROM A CLOUDLESS
SKY WHEN HARRY SHARP AWOKE AND
THE SCANT FOLIAGE GAVE LITTLE
SHADE.



ALTHOUGH HIS HEAD STILL WHIRLED AND EVERY MUSCLE ACHED UNBEARABLY, HARRY KNEW HE MUST MOVE ON.

IF I DON'T GET A DRINK OF WATER SOON, I'VE HAD IT! I'D BETTER MAKE FOR THE PLAINS... PERHAPS I CAN FIND A STREAM.



HE REACHED THE FOOTHILLS WITHOUT SEEING A SIGN OF HUMAN LIFE OR HABITATION... AND THEN CAME UPON A NARROW, DUSTY TRACK BEYOND WHICH THE GROUND DROPPED AWAY PRECIPITOUSLY. IN HARRY'S EXHAUSTED MIND, A FLICKER OF HOPE WAS KINDLED.

MAYBE... MAYBE THERE'S A STREAM THERE...



ALMOST AT THE END OF HIS DEPLETED RESERVES OF STRENGTH, THE LONE SOLDIER STAGGERED DOWN TO THE ROAD AND PEERED EAGERLY OVER THE EDGE OF THE RAVINE.

DRY... NOT A DROP... LUMME! A TRUCK! MUST HAVE GONE OVER THE EDGE!



HARRY SCRAMBLED DOWN TO THE WRECKED TRUCK. ONE GLANCE TOLD HIM THAT THE OFFICER BEHIND THE STEERING WHEEL WAS DEAD. SOME TWINGE OF CURIOSITY MADE HIM REACH FOR THE IDENTITY PAPERS STICKING FROM THE OFFICER'S TUNIC...

WONDER WHO HE IS?



THEN HIS EYES FELL UPON THE OFFICER'S HOLD-ALL ON THE OTHER SEAT...

THAT'LL BE FULL OF CLOTHES... THEY WON'T BE ANY GOOD TO THIS POOR DEVIL NOW AND I NEED A CHANGE BADLY.



HARRY LIFTED OUT THE HOLD-ALL ... AND AS HE DID SO, THE TRUCK BEGAN TO SLIDE ... SLOWLY AT FIRST THEN GATHERING SPEED WITH EVERY FOOT ...



CONSIDERABLY SHAKEN, HARRY CLAMBERED BACK ON TO THE ROAD AND CHANGED HIS RAGGED CLOTHES FOR A SHIRT AND TROUSERS BELONGING TO THE DEAD OFFICER. HE TURNED AWAY FROM THE EDGE OF THE RAVINE...

HALT, ENGLANDER!
HANDS UP!

HANG IT...
A FAIR COP!



THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR PRIVATE HARRY SHARP ... AND AFTER BEGGING THE DRINK OF WATER HIS PARCHED LIPS CRAVED, THE CRESTFALLEN SOLDIER WAS MARCHED AWAY BY HIS DERISIVE CAPTORS.

STALAG AWAITS YOU, ENGLANDER! THERE YOU WILL JOIN THE REST OF YOUR MISERABLE ARMY THAT DID NOT RUN FAST ENOUGH.



HARRY WAS FORCED TO STAND TO ATTENTION BEFORE A CONTEMPTUOUS GERMAN MAJOR WHEN THE ENEMY PATROL REACHED THEIR CAMP.

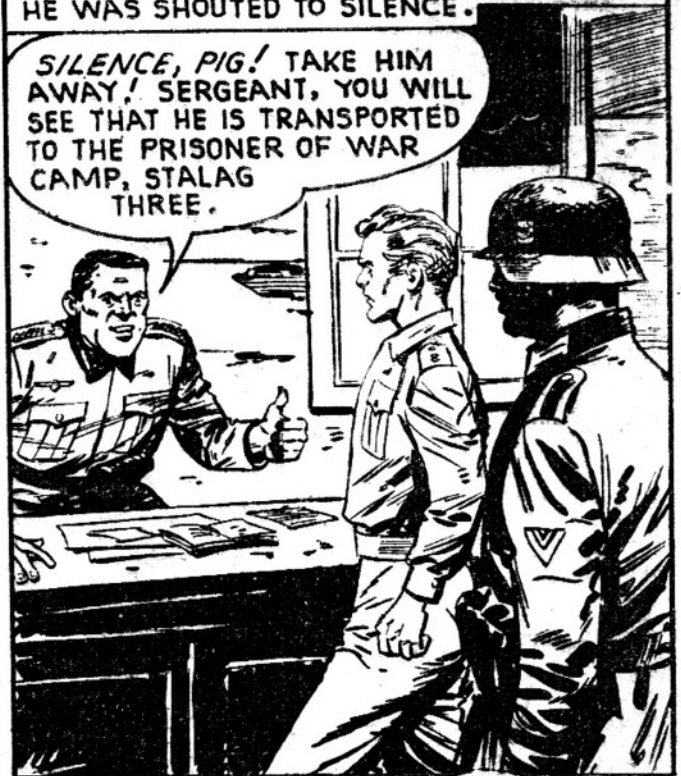
SO! LEUTNANT CHARLES BAXTER ... BRAYSHIRE REGIMENT. YOU WILL FIGHT NO MORE, LEUTNANT... THE WAR IS OVER FOR YOU.

B-BUT I'M NOT..



AS HARRY BEGAN TO EXPLAIN THAT HE WAS NOT LEUTENANT CHARLES BAXTER... THE NAME THE GERMAN READ FROM THE IDENTITY BOOK OF THE DEAD OFFICER, HE WAS SHOUTED TO SILENCE.

SILENCE, PIG! TAKE HIM AWAY! SERGEANT, YOU WILL SEE THAT HE IS TRANSPORTED TO THE PRISONER OF WAR CAMP, STALAG THREE.



TWO HOURS LATER, HARRY WAS ROUGHLY PUSHED OUT OF THE BACK OF A TRUCK AT THE ENTRANCE TO A BARBED WIRE COMPOUND IN WHICH A NUMBER OF BRITISH OFFICERS WANDERED AIMLESSLY.

HERE IS YOUR NEW HOME, ENGLANDER... NOT QUITE AS COMFORTABLE AS BUCKINGHAM PALACE, PERHAPS!



THE YOUNG SOLDIER WAS CLOSE TO COLLAPSE WITH EXHAUSTION BY THE TIME HE WAS ADMITTED TO THE PRISONERS' COMPOUND. IT WAS NEARLY SUNSET AND HE HAD NOT EATEN FOR OVER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

COME ON, OLD CHAP... YOU LOOK ALL-IN!

I'LL RUSTLE UP SOME SOUP... AND THEN YOU CAN GET SOME SHUT-EYE!



IN ONE OF THE HUTS, HARRY SIPPED THE WARM, THIN SOUP SOMEONE PUT BEFORE HIM BUT HIS TIRED BRAIN REFUSED TO FACE UP TO THE PROBLEM OF HIS MISTAKEN IDENTITY... IT WOULD HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW.

SORRY THAT'S THE BEST WE'VE GOT... BUT YOU LOOK AS IF A REST IS WHAT YOU NEED. AND YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF THAT HERE!

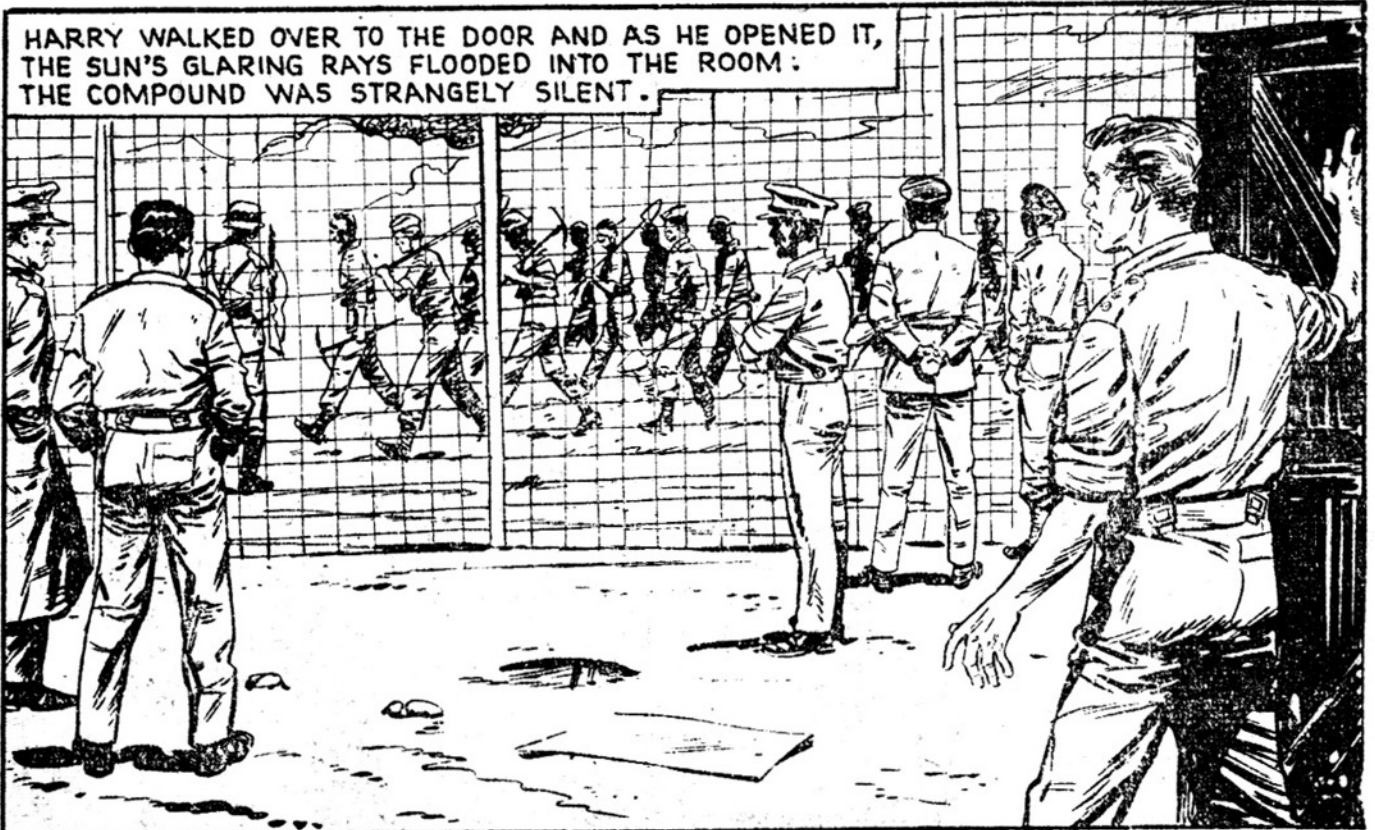


IT WAS NOON THE NEXT DAY BEFORE HARRY OPENED HIS EYES. THE HUT WAS EMPTY AND IT TOOK HIM A FEW SECONDS TO COLLECT HIS SENSES.

WHERE IS EVERYBODY? I WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS? BOY, AM I HUNGRY!



HARRY WALKED OVER TO THE DOOR AND AS HE OPENED IT, THE SUN'S GLARING RAYS FLOODED INTO THE ROOM: THE COMPOUND WAS STRANGELY SILENT.



THE PITIFUL LINE OF BRITISH PRISONERS PASSED THE OFFICERS' CAMP ... AND ONLY THEN WAS THE SILENCE BROKEN.

POOR DEVILS!

WHO... WHO ARE THEY?

OH, HALLO... YOU'RE AWAKE. THEY'RE THE OTHER RANKS P.O.W.'S. THEY HAVE TO WORK ON ROAD-BUILDING. IT'S JUST ABOUT KILLING SOME OF THEM, I'M AFRAID.



HARRY'S FACE WAS GRIMLY THOUGHTFUL AS HE TURNED BACK INTO THE HUT.

CRUIKEY! I'D BE A PROPER MUG TO VOLUNTEER TO JOIN THAT SLAVE GANG!



SO IT WAS THAT WHEN THE OFFICER P.O.W.'S JOINED HARRY AT THE TABLE HIS MIND WAS MADE UP.

LET'S INTRODUCE OURSELVES. MY NAME'S GARRY KITCHEN, TANKS.

CHARLES BAXTER ... BRAYSHIRES. THANKS FOR THAT SOUP LAST NIGHT.. ANY CHANCE OF ANY MORE FOOD SOON? I'M STARVING.

BRAYSHIRES, EH? NONE OF YOUR BLOKES HERE! GRUB WILL SOON BE UP... POTATO SOUP AND BLACK BREAD. UNWHOLESOME BUT VERY WELCOME.



IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS PRIVATE HARRY SHARP, ALIAS LIEUTENANT BAXTER, SETTLED INTO THE IDLE, BORING LIFE OF A PRISONER OF WAR.

COMING FOR A STROLL ROUND THE PERIMETER, CHARLES?

OH, I DON'T KNOW, GARRY... I'M QUITE COMFORTABLE HERE. ANYWAY, IT'LL ONLY GIVE ME AN APPETITE AND THAT'S A FAT LOT OF GOOD WITH THE SWILL THE JERRIES DISH OUT.

BUT FATE WAS ALREADY PREPARING TO STEP INTO HARRY SHARP'S LIFE ONCE MORE. THAT NIGHT, THE ASSAULT CRAFT OF A SMALL COMMANDO RAIDING FORCE PLOUGHED THROUGH THE AEGEAN SEA TOWARDS THE GREEK COAST.

WE SHOULD MAKE A LAND-FALL IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES, SIR. LUCKILY THE SKY IS CLEAR SO WE CAN CHECK OUR BEARINGS BY THE STARS.

YOU LAND US WHERE WE ARRANGED AND EVERYTHING SHOULD BE OKAY. JERRY WILL NOT BE EXPECTING US TO HAVE A CRACK AT HIM SO SOON AFTER GETTING CHUCKED OUT OF GREECE.



WITH THEIR ENGINES THROBBING QUIETLY, THE BOXLIKE LANDING CRAFT NOSED ASHORE... AND THEIR STEEL RAMPS WENT DOWN...

QUIETLY, LADS... JERRY'S KIPPING. IT'D BE A SHAME TO DISTURB HIM... YET!



THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT WAS RUDELY SHATTERED HOWEVER WHEN THE COMMANDOS STORMED THEIR OBJECTIVE... AN IMPORTANT WEHRMACHT CAMP.

ACHTUNG! KOMMANDOS!



SURPRISE ... THE COMMANDOS' MAIN WEAPON ... GAVE THE GERMANS NO CHANCE TO ORGANISE THEIR DEFENCES.

HEY, CORP, LOOK AT THIS BUNCH O' SLEEPIN' BEAUTIES!



COOLLY AND METHODICALLY THE WORK OF DESTRUCTION WAS SET IN MOTION ...

FIRE THEIR FUEL DUMP, MISTER BAINES, AND DISABLE ANY TRANSPORT YOU FIND. SERGEANT MILLER, COME WITH ME ... WE'LL SEE IF THERE ARE ANY USEFUL PAPERS IN THE OFFICE HERE.



INSIDE THE GERMAN COMMANDANT'S OFFICE, THEY RANSACKED DESKS AND FILING CABINETS AND THEN A MAP ON THE WALL CAUGHT THE SERGEANT'S GAZE.

'SCUSE ME, SIR. THIS IS A MAP OF THE DISTRICT AND ACCORDING TO THIS THERE'S A P.O.W. CAMP JUST UP THE ROAD.

THAT SO? WELL, WE'VE GOT A LITTLE TIME TO SPARE ... PERHAPS WE CAN SPRING SOME OF THE MEN OUT OF THERE, SERGEANT. LET'S GO!



BY THIS TIME, THE NOISE OF FIRING HAD ROUSED THE BRITISH OFFICERS IN THE P.O.W. CAMP AND WHEN THE GLARE OF THE BURNING PETROL DUMP LIT THE SKY, THEY KNEW IT WAS MORE THAN A SMALL GREEK GUERRILLA RAID...

CAREFUL, JIMMY... IF THE GOONS SEE YOU LOOKING, THEY'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH THE WINDOW.

THEY'RE TOO BUSY RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES TO WORRY ABOUT US. LOOKS AND SOUNDS LIKE A PUKKA RAID TO ME. I'M SURE I HEARD A BREN FIRING AND THE GREEKS DON'T HAVE ANY OF THEM.

EVERY HUT SEETHED WITH EXCITEMENT AS THERE CAME A BURST OF FIRE FROM ONE OF THE LOOKOUT TOWERS. ONE MAN, BOLDER THAN THE REST, OPENED A HUT DOOR AND LOOKED OUT.

IT'S A COMMANDO RAID! THEY'RE ALREADY INSIDE THE WIRE!



THE PRISON CAMP GUARDS WERE NOT MADE OF FIGHTING MATERIAL AND SOON SURRENDERED TO THEIR GRIM-LOOKING ATTACKERS. THE OFFICER P.O.W's POURED OUT OF THEIR HUTS IN A DELIGHTED, CHEERING WAVE.



THE HUTS EMPTIED AS IF BY MAGIC BUT IN ONE, LIEUTENANT GARRY KITCHEN, TURNED IMPATIENTLY AT THE DOORWAY AS HIS COMPANION PAUSED BESIDE HIS BUNK.

COME ON, CHARLES, OR WE'LL BE LEFT BEHIND. YOU DON'T WANT THAT, DO YOU?

N-NO, I SUPPOSE NOT... I'M COMING!



HARRY SHARP'S MIND WAS IN TURMOIL ONCE MORE AS THE NOW CROWDED LANDING CRAFT MOVED AWAY FROM THE SHORE OF GREECE.

NOW WHAT DO I DO? THE TRUTH'S BOUND TO COME OUT ONCE WE GET BACK TO EGYPT.



Chapter 2. DANGEROUS IDENTITY

BUT WHEN THE RELEASED PRISONERS WERE DOCUMENTED IN A TRANSIT CAMP, THERE WERE NO AWKWARD QUESTIONS PUT TO HARRY. THEY WERE GIVEN A PROVISIONAL SHORT LEAVE - SOME OF THEM IN CAIRO, SOME IN ALEXANDRIA.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES BAXTER... GOT SOME CLOTHING REPLACEMENTS, I SEE. HERE'S AN ADVANCE ON PAY AND A LEAVE WARRANT. SEVEN DAYS IN ALEXANDRIA. YOU'LL GET MORE LEAVE WHEN YOUR PAPERS ARE SORTED OUT.

THANK YOU, SIR!



THE NEXT DAY, HARRY WALKED INTO A HOTEL IN ALEXANDRIA. THE AIR OF LUXURY AND COMFORT SURROUNDING HIM LULLED ANY UNEASY FEELINGS THE EX-PRIVATE MIGHT HAVE HAD.

GOOD MORNING, SAIR ... DO YOU WISH TO BOOK A ROOM?

ER-YES, PLEASE ... FOR A WEEK! I THINK I COULD BE QUITE COMFORTABLE HERE.



AND AS HE LAZED IN THE SUN ON THE BALCONY OF HIS ROOM OVERLOOKING THE SPARKLING BLUE MEDITERRANEAN, HARRY REVELLED IN HIS NEW STATUS...

BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE...



THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND HARRY BECAME AWARE OF SOMEONE ENTERING HIS ROOM. HE LOOKED ROUND...

ULP... WHO... WHAT...

LIEUTENANT CHARLES BAXTER... WOULD YOU KINDLY GET DRESSED SIR. THERE ARE SOME QUESTIONS WE WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS.



HARRY'S HANDS TREMBLED AS HE BUTTONED HIS SMART NEW BUSH-JACKET WITH THE TWO PIPS ON ITS SHOULDERS...

THIS IS IT! I'VE HAD MY CHIPS...
THEY MUST HAVE DISCOVERED
I'M NOT LIEUTENANT BAXTER...
IT'S ME FOR THE GLASS-HOUSE!



AT THE MILITARY POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HARRY FACED A FORBIDDING-LOOKING MAJOR ACROSS A BROAD DESK...

LIEUTENANT BAXTER...
YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER
REPORTED ON HIS RETURN FROM
GREECE THAT YOU DISAPPEARED WHILST
YOUR REGIMENT WAS IN ACTION.
HAVE YOU ANY EXPLANATION?

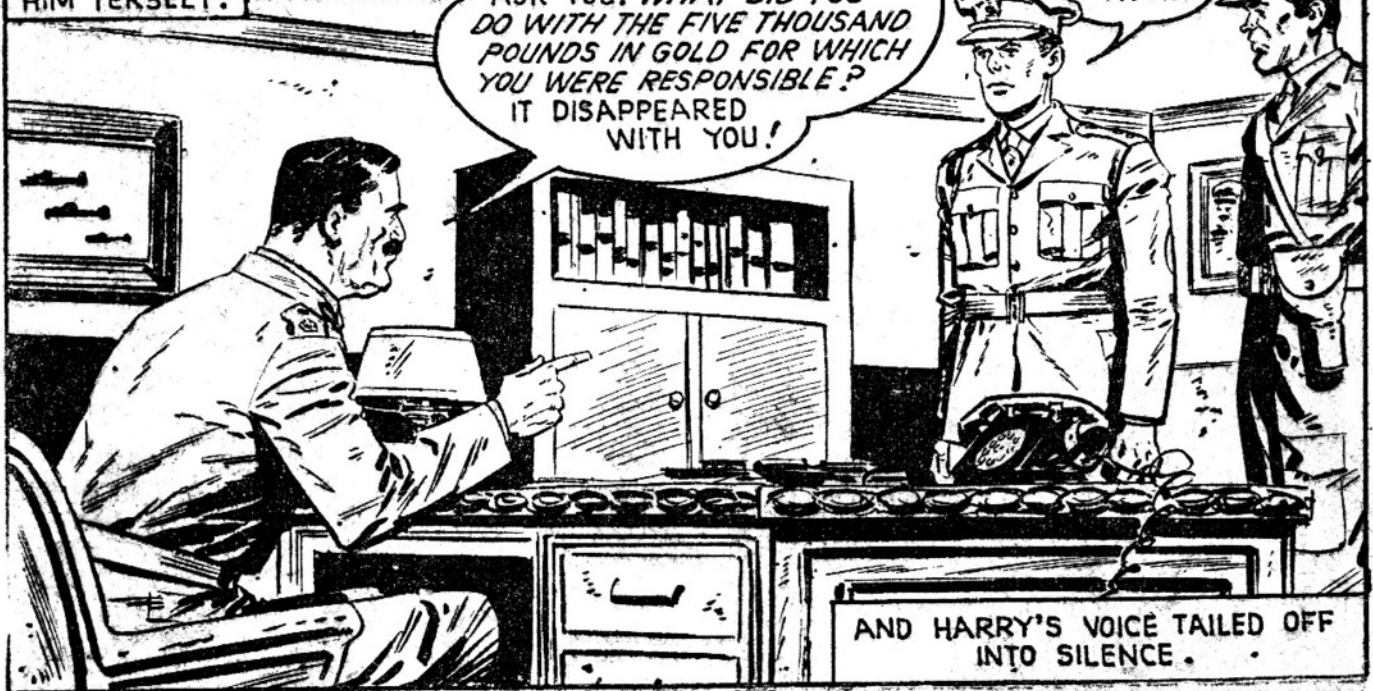
WELL, YOU...
YOU SEE...



AS HARRY BEGAN TO STUTTER THE MAJOR INTERRUPTED HIM TERSELY.

WAIT! THERE IS A
FURTHER QUESTION I MUST
ASK YOU. WHAT DID YOU
DO WITH THE FIVE THOUSAND
POUNDS IN GOLD FOR WHICH
YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE?
IT DISAPPEARED
WITH YOU!

W-WHAT? I NEVER
... I MEAN, I'M
NOT...



AND HARRY'S VOICE TAILED OFF
INTO SILENCE.

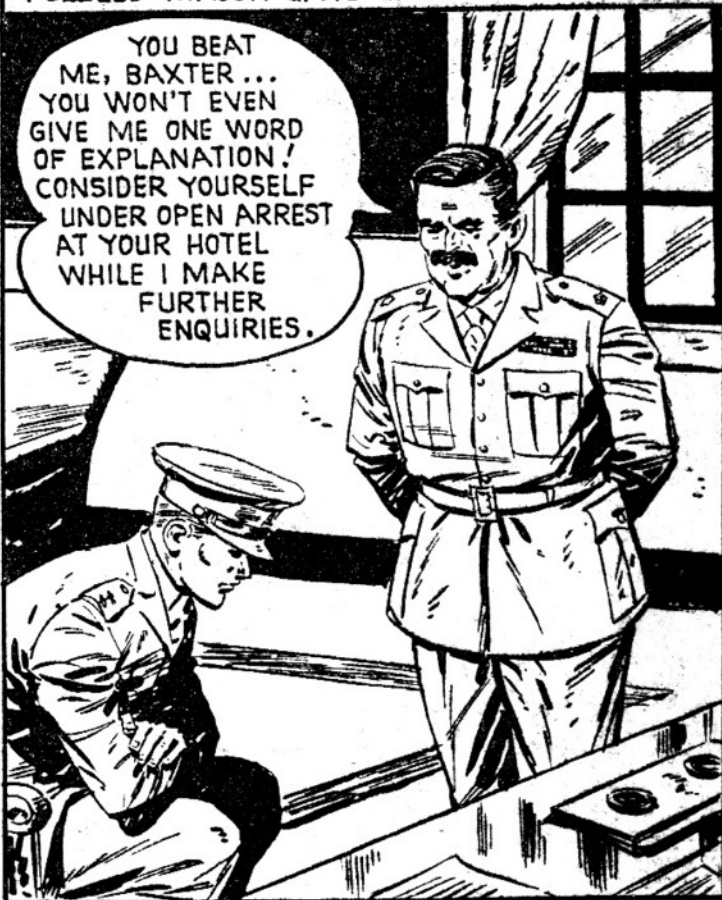
A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT HAD FLASHED ACROSS HARRY'S MIND. HIS PLIGHT WAS WORSE THAN HE FEARED.

I'M IN TROUBLE AND NO MISTAKE! I DAREN'T CONFESS THAT I'VE TAKEN BAXTER'S PLACE AND TELL THEM HE'S DEAD. I'D BE ACCUSED OF KILLING HIM AND PINCHING THE MONEY. ON THE OTHER HAND, I FACE CHARGES OF DESERTION AND EMBEZZLING. CRIKEY! I PICKED A RIGHT ONE TO IMPERSONATE!



FOR AN HOUR, HARRY SHARP WAS QUESTIONED BY THE MILITARY POLICE, BUT NOT ANOTHER WORD PASSED HIS LIPS. AT LAST, THE PUZZLED MAJOR GAVE UP...

YOU BEAT ME, BAXTER... YOU WON'T EVEN GIVE ME ONE WORD OF EXPLANATION! CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER OPEN ARREST AT YOUR HOTEL WHILE I MAKE FURTHER ENQUIRIES.



HARRY WAS ESCORTED BACK TO HIS HOTEL AND THIS TIME, HE FELT NO THRILL OF PLEASURE IN THE LUXURY THAT SURROUNDED HIM.

I'M AFRAID YOU MUST NOT LEAVE YOUR ROOM, SIR, WITHOUT PERMISSION. IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, I SHALL BE OUT HERE IN THE CORRIDOR.



RESTLESSLY, HARRY PACED HIS ROOM... HIS GAZE ROAMING OVER THE SUNNY SCENE OUTSIDE, WITH ITS ATMOSPHERE OF CHEERFUL FREEDOM.

FROM ONE PRISON CAMP TO ANOTHER... WHAT A PROSPECT! THIS IS ONE MESS I WOULDN'T MIND DESERTING FROM... HEY, THAT'S AN IDEA... *THAT FIRE ESCAPE!*



WHEN THE SHADOWS LENGTHENED AND THE FIRST CHILL TOUCH OF THE NIGHT AIR BECAME NOTICEABLE, HARRY CLIMBED OUT ON TO THE FIRE ESCAPE.



HE REACHED THE STREET AND
BEGAN TO MOVE HURRIEDLY
AWAY. BUT HARRY'S BAD
LUCK WAS STILL DOGGING
HIM... HIS ABSENCE HAD
ALREADY BEEN DISCOVERED...

STOP!
COME BACK,
SIR ... YOU
CAN'T GET
AWAY!



WITH THE PURSUING
SERGEANT'S SHOUTS
ECHOING ALONG THE
NARROW ALLEYS
BEHIND HIM, HARRY
TOOK TO HIS HEELS.



WITHOUT KNOWING THE DISTRICT, HARRY'S BLUNDERING FLIGHT SOON TOOK HIM THROUGH THE ARAB QUARTER AND INTO AN AREA OF STONE QUAYS AND BOATHOUSES.

UP THE CREEK, THAT'S WHAT I AM AND THE REDCAPS STILL ON MY TAIL!



AND AS HE HAD REFUSED TO SURRENDER TO THE GERMANS IN GREECE, SO NOW HARRY SHARP WAS NOT GOING TO SUBMIT TAMELY TO HIS PURSUERS.



THE FLASHLIGHTS OF THE MILITARY POLICEMEN FLUTTERED ALONG THE QUAY AND OVER THE BOATS AT THEIR MOORINGS.

HE'S NOT IN THESE BOATS, SARGE... DO YOU THINK HE COULD HAVE REACHED THAT ONE OUT THERE?

NO, SHOULDN'T THINK SO! HE MUST HAVE GIVEN US THE SLIP AMONG THE BOATHOUSES. WE'LL SPLIT UP AND SEARCH THE AREA.



THE THREE MEN TURNED AWAY AND HARRY'S BREATH WAS RELEASED IN A GUSTY SIGH OF RELIEF.

DODGED 'EM! IT'S PROPER IRONICAL! IF I REALLY HAD THE FIVE THOUSAND QUID I'M ACCUSED OF STEALING, I COULD BUY A BOAT LIKE THIS AND SKIP THE COUNTRY.



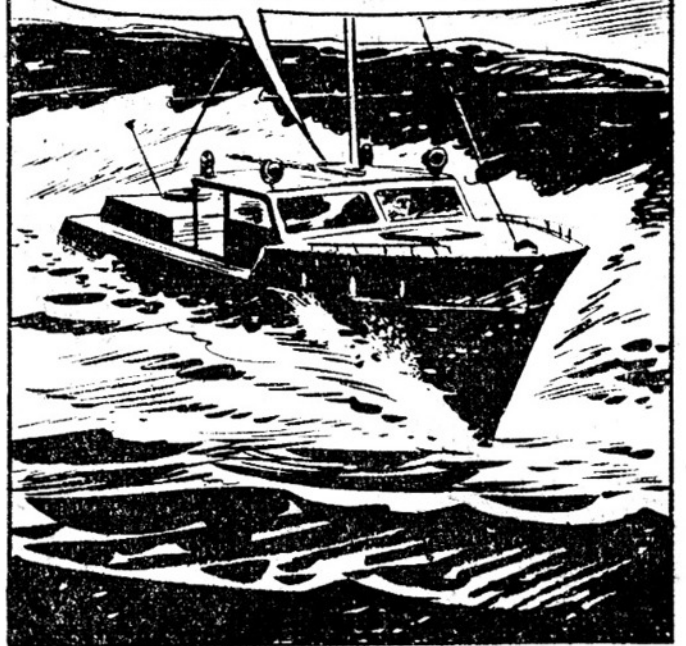
HARRY LOOKED DESPONDENTLY AROUND HIM... THEN HIS RESOLUTION HARDENED AND HIS LIPS SET IN A FIRM LINE.

MAYBE IF I JUST BORROW IT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE... YES, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! ALL I WANT IS THE CHANCE TO START AGAIN... AS NUMBER THREE-NINE-SIX, HARRY SHARP, A COMMON OR GARDEN PRIVATE. I WONDER HOW YOU START THIS THING...



IT TOOK HARRY A LONG WHILE TO START THE MOTOR OF THE BOAT AND TO UNMOOR IT AND GET IT MOVING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. BUT BY DAWN, IT WAS PLOUGHING THROUGH AN UNEASY SWELL TWO MILES FROM LAND.

OH DEAR! I WASN'T MEANT TO BE A SAILOR... IT'S NOTHING LIKE THIS ON THE SERPENTINE. STILL, I'D BETTER GET A BIT FURTHER OUT OR I SHALL BE SEEN FROM THE SHORE.



WITH ONLY A VAGUE NOTION OF GEOGRAPHY, THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S INTENTION WAS TO REACH THE COAST OF PALESTINE. BUT HE HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE CURRENTS AND TIDES IN THAT CORNER OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, UNSEEN FORCES THAT COULD UPSET THE CALCULATIONS OF EVEN AN EXPERIENCED SAILOR. THREE HOURS PASSED, AND HARRY BECAME UNCOMFORTABLY AWARE THAT LAND WAS NO LONGER IN SIGHT.

HE SWUNG THE WHEEL OVER... AND AT THAT MOMENT... THE MOTOR COUGHED ONCE... AND STOPPED.

CRIKEY... THE MOTOR'S PACKED UP!



LEAVING THE WHEEL, HARRY STUMBLED DOWN INTO THE ENGINE ROOM. HIS GLANCE FELL TO THE FUEL GAUGE ... IT STILL REGISTERED HALF-FULL. IN DESPAIR HARRY STARED AT THE ENGINE.

PLENTY OF PETROL... WHAT ELSE CAN BE WRONG? I DON'T KNOW ONE END OF THE ENGINE FROM THE OTHER.



HARRY TINKERED HELPLESSLY WITH THE ENGINE FOR SEVERAL MINUTES BUT THE SMELL OF FUEL OIL AND THE EXAGGERATED MOVEMENT OF THE BOAT NOW THAT IT WAS NOT MAKING HEADWAY PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIS STOMACH...

PHEW! I COULDN'T STAND IT DOWN THERE ANOTHER SECOND. NOW WHAT THE HECK CAN I DO? I'LL NEVER GET THAT MOTOR STARTED AGAIN... THAT'S FOR SURE. I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY SAILS ABOARD?



HE RUMMAGED IN VARIOUS LOCKERS AND FOUND A SAIL STOWED AWAY... BUT THE NEXT PROBLEM WAS HOW TO HOIST IT TO THE MAST...

HERE'S THE SAIL... AND THAT'S WHERE IT'S GOT TO GO, I SUPPOSE.



BY THIS TIME ANYONE WITH ANY EXPERIENCE OF THE SEA WOULD HAVE BEEN EYEING THE DARKENING SKY AND THE WHITE-CAPPED WAVES WITH TREPIDATION ... BUT HARRY CONTINUED TO STRUGGLE WITH THE SAIL, HEEDLESS OF THE STORM-SIGNS.



AS HARRY SECURED THE SAIL TO THE LAST RING BOLT... *THE STORM BROKE!*



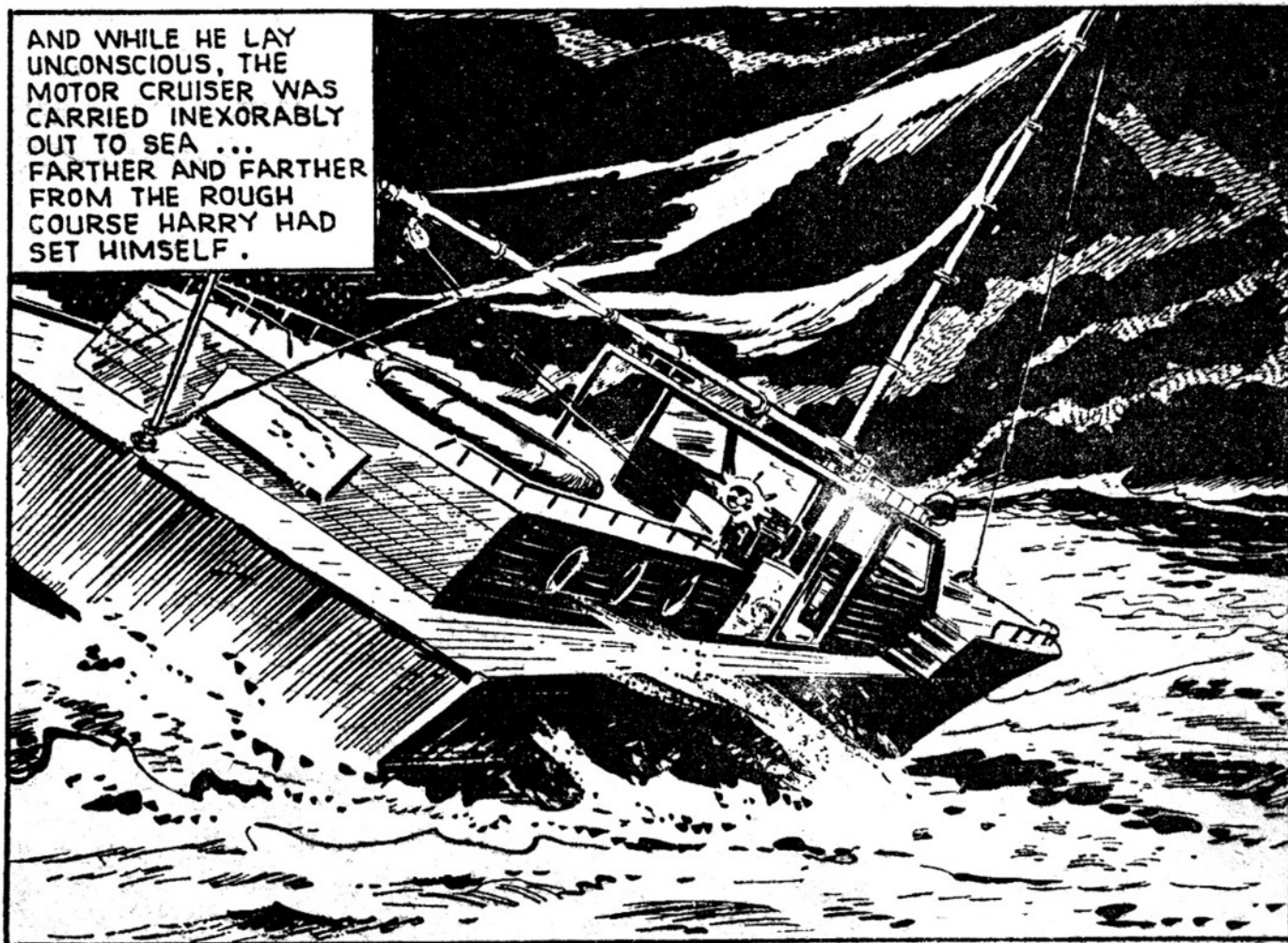
EVEN WITH ITS TINY SAIL, THE MOTOR CRUISER WAS SWEEPED ALONG BEFORE THE GALE...



THE BOAT WAS UNCONTROLLABLE,
A PLAYTHING OF THE STORM AND
THE SEA. HARRY WAS THE FIRST TO
SUFFER FROM THIS WILD HORSEPLAY.



AND WHILE HE LAY
UNCONSCIOUS, THE
MOTOR CRUISER WAS
CARRIED INEXORABLY
OUT TO SEA ...
FARTHER AND FARTHER
FROM THE ROUGH
COURSE HARRY HAD
SET HIMSELF.



LATER THAT DAY, THE WIND BEGAN TO EASE A LITTLE ... THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED, THE STORM DIED. IN MINUTES, THE EVENING STARS WERE SHINING BRIGHTLY IN A CLEAR SKY.

OOH...
MY HEAD!
CRUMBS, IT'S
EVENING ALREADY
... I'VE BEEN
OUT FOR HOURS!
HEAVEN KNOWS
WHERE WE ARE
NOW.

THE EVENTS OF THE NEXT THREE DAYS SEEMED LIKE A NIGHTMARE TO THE YOUNG SOLDIER. THE SAIL HAD BEEN TORN TO SHREDS IN THE STORM AND THE BOAT DRIFTED AT THE MERCY OF EVERY CURRENT. THE MEAGRE SUPPLY OF FOOD AND WATER WAS SOON EXHAUSTED AND, WHAT WAS WORSE, THERE HAD BEEN NO SIGN OF LAND. HARRY WAS LOST AND BLACK DESPAIR GRIPPED HIM.

ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH DAY, HARRY WAS ROUSED FROM A DULL COMA OF EXHAUSTION BY THE DISTANT BEAT OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES.

PLANES!



FORCING HIMSELF TO HIS FEET, HARRY WAVED FRANTICALLY AS THE PLANES FLEW LOW AND FAST DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE BOAT.



BUT EVEN RESCUE BY THE ENEMY WITH ITS INEVITABLE IMPRISONMENT WAS DENIED HARRY SMART... THE GERMAN PLANES ROARED ON INTO THE DISTANCE.

THEY DIDN'T
SEE ME ...



HARRY DRAGGED HIMSELF INTO THE SHADE OF THE CABIN AND KNEW LITTLE OF THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. HE WAS ROUSED TO CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN BY A DISTANT NOISE WHICH HE COULD NOT IDENTIFY... IT WAS THE ROAR OF THE SURF.

IT'S ...
IT'S LAND !



CAUGHT UP IN THE TIDE, THE BOAT WAS SUDDENLY SWUNG SIDWAYS INTO THE MIDST OF THE FOAMING SURF. JAGGED BLACK FANGS OF ROCK LOOMED PERILOUSLY CLOSE. THEN...



THERE WAS LITTLE STRENGTH LEFT IN HARRY'S BODY TO BATTLE AGAINST THE POUNDING BREAKERS AND HE WAS SWEEPED HELPLESSLY ALONG...



THEN, WHEN IT SEEMED HE WOULD BE DROWNED WITHIN YARDS OF SAFETY, CRUEL FATE RELENTED AND HE WAS FLUNG UP ON TO THE SANDY BEACH.



THE TIDE RECEDED, LEAVING THE BATTERED AND UNCONSCIOUS SOLDIER ON THAT LONELY BEACH LIKE A PIECE OF FLOTSAM. BUT FIERCE EYES HAD SEEN THE BODY CAST UP BY THE SEA...



THE THREE GRIM FIGURES CLIMBED DOWN TO THE SANDS AND MOVED MENACINGLY OUT OF THE SHADOWS AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFF. NOT ANOTHER WORD WAS SPOKEN...



A KNIFE GLINTED EVILLY IN THE SUNLIGHT... AND THEN AN ARM SHOT OUT AND STAYED THE DOWNWARD THRUST.

WAIT!
HE IS NOT A
GERMAN...
HE IS AN
ENGLISHMAN!



Chapter 3. GUERRILLA CAMP

KNOWING NOTHING OF HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH, HARRY SHARP RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS ON A CRUDE LITTER IN A FOREST CLEARING. HE STARED AROUND IN DAZED WONDER.

WHERE AM I... WHO ARE YOU?

YOU ARE IN GREECE, MY FRIEND... WE FOUND YOU THROWN UP ON THE SHORE NEARBY. WE ARE FIGHTERS FOR OUR COUNTRY'S FREEDOM AGAINST THE HATED GERMANS. I AM CALLED DAVOS.



DESPITE HIS WEAKNESS, HARRY SAT BOLT UPRIGHT.

GREECE! I CAN'T BE... SURELY NOT?

BUT YES, ENGLISHMAN... IN THE PELOPONNESE NEAR TO PYRGOS.



AS SOON AS DAVOS UTTERED THE NAME OF THE GREEK TOWN, HARRY'S THOUGHTS FLASHED BACK TO THE FIGHT HIS UNIT HAD PUT UP ON THE BARE HILLSIDE BEFORE THE TOWN... AND TO THE EVENTS THAT HAD FOLLOWED IT.



“PYRGOS! B-BUT THAT'S WHERE WE MADE OUR LAST STAND... AND NOT FAR FROM THERE IS WHERE I FOUND THE DEAD OFFICER. IT'S AS IF I'M MEANT TO GO BACK THERE. PERHAPS THE MONEY'S STILL THERE. IF I HAD THAT, MAYBE I COULD START ALL OVER AGAIN.”

SEIZED WITH THE VISION OF A RETURN TO HIS CHEERFUL, CAREFREE LIFE AS AN ORDINARY PRIVATE, HARRY TRIED TO GET TO HIS FEET BUT FELL BACK WEAKLY.



I MUST GO... I MUST GO...

STEADY, MY FRIEND... YOU NEED MUCH REST AND FOOD. YOU ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO GO ANYWHERE.

DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, HARRY FELT THE STRENGTH GRADUALLY FLOWING BACK INTO HIS BODY BUT NOW HE WAS IMPATIENT TO LEAVE THE GUERILLAS' CAMP.

IF YOU MUST LEAVE US, MISTER HARRY, LET SOME OF US GO WITH YOU. THERE ARE MANY GERMANS HEREABOUTS.

NO, DAVOS! I MUST GO ALONE!



THE GREEK RESISTANCE LEADER, A GLINT OF ADMIRATION IN HIS EYES, WATCHED THE YOUNG ENGLISH SOLDIER STRIDE AWAY.

HE HAS COURAGE, THAT ONE! MILO, PIERO... WE WILL FOLLOW AND WATCH THAT HE DOES NOT COME TO HARM.



UNSEEN BY THE ENGLISHMAN, THE THREE GUERRILLAS SHADOWED HIM FAITHFULLY.

WHERE DOES HE GO, DAVOS?

I DO NOT KNOW, MILO... HE WOULD NOT TELL ME. NO DOUBT IT IS A SECRET MISSION.

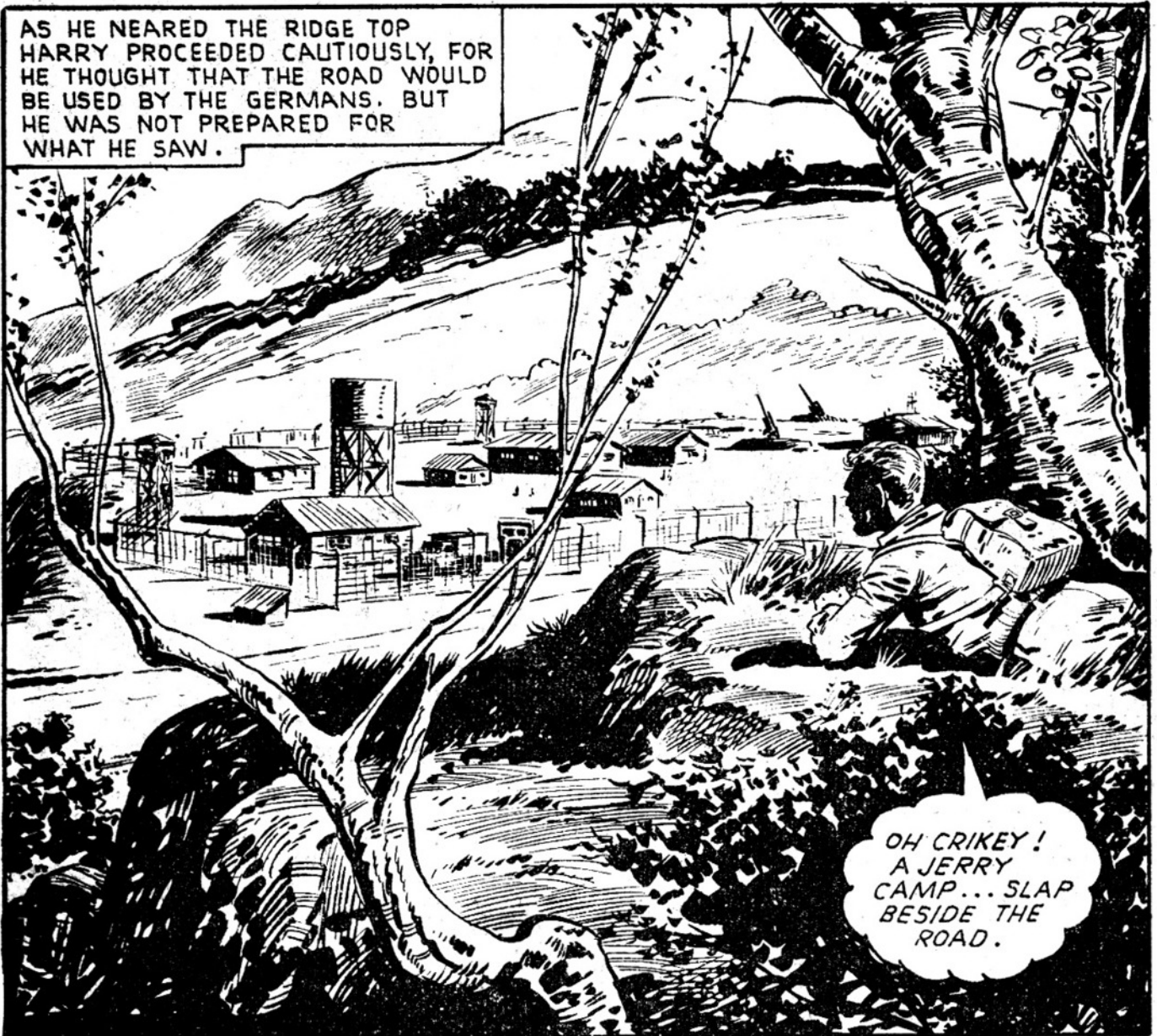


ALTHOUGH HARRY'S SENSE OF DIRECTION AT SEA WAS HAZY, ON LAND HE HAD A SOLDIER'S UNERRING INSTINCT FOR FINDING HIS WAY TO HIS OBJECTIVE.

I RECKON THE ROAD'S BEYOND THAT HILL... AS FAR AS I CAN REMEMBER FROM THE LIE OF THE LAND.



AS HE NEARED THE RIDGE TOP HARRY PROCEEDED CAUTIOUSLY, FOR HE THOUGHT THAT THE ROAD WOULD BE USED BY THE GERMANS. BUT HE WAS NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT HE SAW.



OH CRIKEY!
A JERRY
CAMP... SLAP
BESIDE THE
ROAD.

HIS JAW JUTTING OBSTINATELY, THE SOLDIER STUDIED THE LAYOUT OF THE GERMAN CAMP.

I HAVEN'T COME
THIS FAR TO GIVE
UP NOW... I'VE GOT
A FEELING THAT THE
CASH IS STILL THERE...
AND I'M GOING
TO GET IT!



HE PATIENTLY WAITED UNTIL DUSK... AND THEN CREPT STEALTHILY ROUND THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAMP... WATCHED CURIOUSLY FROM HIDING BY DAVOS AND HIS COMPANIONS.

IT SEEMS THE ENGLISHMAN HAS REACHED HIS DESTINATION. NOW WHAT DOES HE PLAN TO DO?



THE GUERILLAS WERE AMAZED TO SEE THE BRITISH OFFICER SLIP THROUGH THE SHADOWS TO THE RAVINE BESIDE THE ROAD... AND LOWER HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE.

IT IS STRANGE, DAVOS! HE IGNORES THE GERMAN CAMP. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.



HARRY HAD TO FEEL
FOR EVERY FOOTHOLD
AS HE CLIMBED DOWN
INTO THE CHASM...

NOT FAR
NOW...



HE REACHED THE FLOOR OF
THE RAVINE AND PICKED HIS
WAY OVER THE BOULDERS,
UNTIL HE CAME TO THE
BLACKENED SKELETON OF A
BURNT OUT VEHICLE.

HERE'S THE
OFFICER'S TRUCK...
THE MONEY MUST
BE AROUND THIS
SPOT... IF
IT'S STILL
HERE!



RECALLING THAT DAY A FEW MONTHS BEFORE WHEN THE DEAD OFFICER'S TRUCK HAD TOPPLED INTO THE RAVINE, HARRY REMEMBERED SEEING A SMALL BLACK BOX FALL OUT OF IT. . . A SORT OF BOX THAT MIGHT CONTAIN THE MONEY.

IF THAT TIN BOX WASN'T FOUND, IT'S PROBABLY BURIED IN THIS RUBBLE.



HE DUG WITH HIS HANDS UNTIL HIS FINGERS WERE BLEEDING AND HIS BACK ACHED . . .

THE BOX!
IT'S HEAVY AND
IT RATTLES... IT
MUST BE THE
MONEY!



BUT HARRY SHARP'S MOMENT OF TRIUMPH WAS SHATTERED BY A HOARSE SHOUT OF ALARM FROM THE ROAD ABOVE.

ACHTUNG!
ACHTUNG!



AS THE BRITISH SOLDIER
TURNED TO FLEE, THE
GERMANS' SHOTS
RIPPED INTO THE GROUND
CLOSE BY HIM.

I'VE STUCK
MY NECK OUT
TOO FAR THIS
TIME... THEY'VE
GOT ME
COLD!



INEVITABLY, HARRY
WAS STRUCK BY
SOME OF THE BULLETS
THAT RAINED AROUND
HIM. HE WAS
TRAPPED... TO BE
SHOT DOWN LIKE
A DOG....





DURING THE BRIEF RESPITE, DAVOS WAS ABLE TO HELP THE WOUNDED ENGLISHMAN TO THE TOP OF THE CHASM... AND THE GERMAN CAMP WAS IN AN UPROAR.

SCHNELL!
SCHNELL!
GET THAT
SPANDAU
WORKING...

HIMMEL!
STIR YOURSELVES,
YOU LAZY
DIMWITS! THE
DOGS ARE
ESCAPING!



BUT THERE WAS NO CATCHING THE GREEKS AND THEIR WOUNDED COMPANION IN THEIR OWN HILLY COUNTRYSIDE.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, DAVOS ... HOW YOU CAME TO BE THERE, I CAN'T IMAGINE, BUT IF YOU HADN'T, I SHOULD BE DEAD NOW!

WE FOLLOWED YOU FOR IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD FACE THE ENEMY ON YOUR OWN. NOW WE WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO OUR CAMP.



HARRY SHARP KNEW LITTLE OF THE JOURNEY BACK TO THEIR CAMP FOR HIS WOUNDS WERE CAUSING HIM GREAT PAIN AND DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS IN THE GREEK'S HIDEOUT, HE SHOWED LITTLE SIGNS OF RECOVERY.

WE CAN DO NO MORE FOR YOU OURSELVES... WE MUST FIND A DOCTOR.

NO, YOU... YOU HAVE RISKED ENOUGH FOR ME, DAVOS!

YOU AND YOUR COUNTRYMEN CAME TO GREECE TO FIGHT FOR US... WE CANNOT DO TOO MUCH.



AND DESPITE A WEAKENED HARRY'S PROTEST, THE GREEK LEADER SET OFF WITH SOME COMPANIONS FOR THE NEARBY TOWN, MIKKALA.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS BLINKING MONEY, ALL THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED. BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT IF I'M GOING TO GET MY OWN NAME BACK.



DAVOS AND HIS MEN REACHED MIKKALA THAT NIGHT ...

THAT IS THE HOUSE OF THE DOCTOR. MILO, YOU COME WITH ME WHILE YOU OTHERS COVER US FROM HERE.





DONNING A CAPE, THE DOCTOR QUIETLY LEFT HIS HOUSE WITH THE TWO GUERILLAS. THEY CROSSED THE ROAD ... AND NARROW, FURTIVE EYES WATCHED THEM GO.

S-SO! THAT SELF-RIGHTEOUS FOOL OF A DOCTOR HAS PLAYED INTO MY HANDS. HE CONSORTS WITH GUERILLAS, DOES HE? HAUPTMANN FISCHER SHOULD PAY ME WELL FOR THIS INFORMATION.



SEDA GUNDROS, SO-CALLED MAYOR OF MIKKALA AND TOADY TO HIS COUNTRY'S OPPRESSORS, SCUTTLED THROUGH THE DARKENED, EMPTY STREETS TO THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION, GUNDROS?

I HAVE INFORMATION OF THE GREATEST VALUE, HERR HAUPTMANN. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRAP SOME OF THE PARTISANS WHO HAVE BEEN TERRORISING OUR DISTRICT LATELY? AND, WHAT IS MORE, CATCH SOMEONE OF IMPORTANCE IN THIS VERY TOWN WHO IS WORKING WITH THEM.

H'MM! EXPLAIN YOURSELF, GUNDROS!





Chapter 4. **TRAITOR'S GOLD**

DAVOS AND HIS COMPANIONS ESCORTED THE DOCTOR BACK TO MIKKALA. THERE WAS NO HINT OF DANGER AS THEY CAUTIOUSLY ENTERED THE SILENT TOWN... BUT THE GERMANS WERE WAITING FOR THEM!

AAGH!
WE HAVE
BEEN
BETRAYED!

TAKE
THEM ALIVE!
TAKE THEM
ALIVE!



THE SURPRISE WAS COMPLETE.. THE STRUGGLE SHORT AND BRUTAL... AND ONLY ONE GUERRILLA, MILO, ESCAPED THE AMBUSH.



THERE WAS LITTLE FIGHT LEFT IN THE BATTERED GREEK PARTISANS AS THEY WERE ROUGHLY DRAGGED TO THE TOWN'S GAOL.

THROW THE TREACHEROUS DOGS IN THERE... I WILL QUESTION THEM TOMORROW AND THEN THEY WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD!



BACK AT THE GUERILLA HIDE-OUT, HARRY SHARP WAS SLEEPING RESTFULLY FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR DAYS WHEN MILO BURST INTO THE CLEARING. MILO'S SHOUT AROUSED HIM.



MILO'S ALARMING NEWS SHOCKED THE LAST VESTIGES OF SLEEP FROM HARRY'S MIND.

THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT CAN I DO? THEY'VE BEEN CAUGHT AND WILL PROBABLY BE SHOT... ALL BECAUSE OF ME... AND THIS ROTTEN MONEY!



SUDDENLY, HARRY'S THOUGHTS CRYSTALLIZED SHARPLY.

THE MONEY! THAT'S IT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE NOISY, GESTICULATING GROUP OF GUERRILLAS PARTED, THEIR EXCLAMATIONS OF DISMAY SILENCED, AS THE ENGLISHMAN STEPPED INTO THEIR MIDST.



DESPITE STABBING PAINS THAT MADE HIS SENSES REEL, HARRY PULLED HIMSELF ASTRIDE THE WALL AND SOON HE AND MILO WERE SILENTLY ENTERING THE HOUSE BY A WINDOW THEY HAD FORCED.



MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE CONFRONTING THE TERRIFIED OWNER OF THE HOUSE IN HIS OWN BEDROOM...

SEDA GUNDROS... YOU ARE GOING TO HELP US RELEASE THE MEN WHO WERE CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS TONIGHT!



W-WHAT? ARE YOU MAD? THE GERMANS ARE GUARDING THEM... THEY WILL BE SHOT IN THE MORNING! / C-CAN DO NOTHING...

THE ENGLISHMAN TOOK
A PACE FORWARD...
AND TIPPED THE
CONTENTS OF THE
TIN BOX ON TO THE
BED BEFORE
SEDA GUNDROS.

I THINK YOU WILL DO WHAT
WE WANT... HERE
IS YOUR PRICE!

G-GOLD!
GOLD!

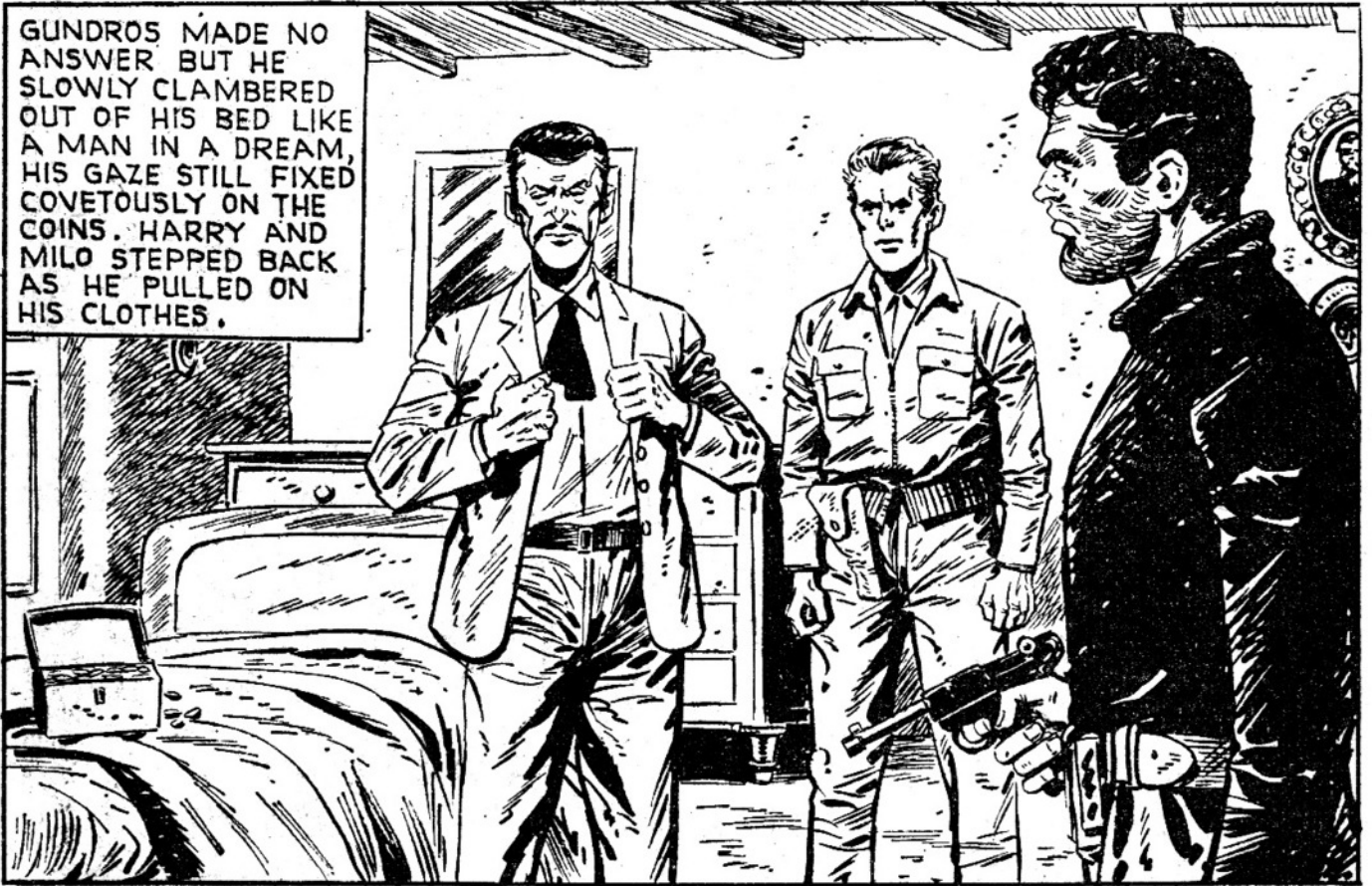
CONSUMED WITH
HIS EVIL GREED,
THE TREACHEROUS
MAYOR DUG HIS
FINGERS
FEVERISHLY
INTO THE HEAP
OF GOLD COINS
GLITTERING IN
THE LAMPLIGHT.

IT... IT'S
A FORTUNE!

IT'S YOURS
... WE WILL
BUY OUR
COMRADES'
LIVES WITH
THE GOLD!



GUNDROS MADE NO ANSWER BUT HE SLOWLY CLAMBERED OUT OF HIS BED LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM, HIS GAZE STILL FIXED COVETOUSLY ON THE COINS. HARRY AND MILO STEPPED BACK AS HE PULLED ON HIS CLOTHES.



THE GOLD WAS PUT BACK INTO THE TIN BOX AND HARRY ORDERED THE MAYOR TO LEAD THE WAY TO THE PLACE WHERE THE GUERRILLAS WERE IMPRISONED.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

AT THE GAOL YOU WILL ASK TO SEE THE PRISONERS ... AND YOU'D BETTER THINK UP A GOOD REASON FOR IF THEY SUSPECT ANYTHING YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO DIE ... AND THE GOLD WON'T EVEN BUY YOU A FUNERAL!



SEDA GUNDROS WAS SHAKING WITH FRIGHT BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE GAOL BUILDING... BUT HIS GREED WAS STRONGER THAN HIS FEAR!

HALTE! WHAT DO YOU WANT, HERR GUNDROS? WHO ARE THESE MEN?

HAUPTMANN FISCHER SAYS THE PRISONERS ARE TO BE SHOT TOMORROW. THEY MUST HAVE A PROPER BURIAL EVEN IF THEY ARE TERRORISTS. IT IS OUR CUSTOM. THESE MEN WILL MEASURE THEM FOR THEIR COFFINS.



THE GUARD SNORTED DERISIVELY... AND HARRY AND MILO HELD THEIR BREATH.

PAH! SUCH CARRION SHOULD BE FLUNG IN A DITCH AND LEFT FOR THE CROWS. STILL, I EXPECT YOU'RE GOING TO SELL 'EM THEIR COFFINS BEFORE THEY DIE, HERR GUNDROS... YOU WOULDN'T MISS A CHANCE LIKE THAT, NO DOUBT. ALL RIGHT, IN YOU GO AND MEASURE THEM.



THE MONEY GRABBING MAYOR RECEIVED SCANT RESPECT FROM HIS GERMAN MASTERS.

BOTH SENTRIES LOWERED THEIR RIFLES AND THEN ONE OPENED THE GAOL DOOR AND MOTIONED THE THREE MEN IN. AT THAT SECOND, HARRY AND MILO LEAPED VICIOUSLY FORWARD.

NOW, MILO... BUT QUIETLY!

AAGH!



THE GUARDS WERE FELLED INSTANTLY AND HARRY SNATCHED UP THE KEY RING AND SPRANG INTO THE CORRIDOR BETWEEN THE CELLS.

DAVOS! DAVOS! WHERE ARE YOU?

HERE! WE ARE ALL HERE!



IT WAS THE WORK OF SEVERAL FUMBLING MOMENTS TO FIND THE CORRECT KEY... AND THEN THE GUERRILLAS AND THE DOCTOR WERE FREE!

QUICKLY, DOCTOR.
WE MUST NOT DELAY
A SECOND! YOU MUST
COME WITH US, I'M
AFRAID... IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE.

SO BE IT...
I AM HAPPY
TO JOIN THESE
BRAVE MEN.



THE GUERRILLAS HAD RECOVERED FROM THE ROUGH HANDLING THEY HAD RECEIVED IN THE AMBUSH AND THEY SPEEDILY TOOK TO THEIR HEELS AWAY FROM THE GAOL... FOLLOWED BY THE SQUEALING GREEK MAYOR.



THE MAYOR'S FRANTIC PLEAS WERE SUDDENLY CUT SHORT AS A RIFLE CRACKED... AND HARRY INSTINCTIVELY LOOKED BACK.



SEDA GUNDROS, THE RENEGADE GREEK, HAD PAID THE PRICE OF TREACHERY.

AND AS HE FELL WITH A BULLET IN HIS HEART, THE FATEFUL BOX OF GOLD DROPPED INTO THE YAWNING HOLE OF THE VILLAGE WELL ...



... TO BE LOST FOREVER!

STRANGELY ENOUGH, AS HARRY SHARP RAN AFTER THE GREEKS, HIS HEART WAS LIGHT... AS IF A LOAD HAD BEEN LIFTED FROM IT.

BANG GOES THE MONEY... BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T MIND. IT DOESN'T SEEM IMPORTANT ANY MORE.



THEY REGAINED THE GUERRILLA HIDE-OUT AND THE GRATEFUL GREEKS GATHERED ABOUT HARRY SHARP.

WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES, MISTER HARRY. SUCH BOLDNESS, SUCH CUNNING. MUST YOU GO BACK TO YOUR PEOPLE... YOU ARE THE SORT OF LEADER WE NEED TO OUTWIT THE ACCURSED GERMANS.

LEADER... WHO, ME? WELL, I CAN'T GO BACK SO I SUPPOSE I COULD STOP ON WITH YOU...



THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN LOOKED AROUND AT THE EAGER-EYED GREEKS, SO WILLING TO FIGHT FOR THEIR OPPRESSED COUNTRY DESPITE THEIR PITIFUL INFERIORITY IN ARMS AND EQUIPMENT.

... AND THERE ARE ONE OR TWO THINGS NEED ORGANISING AROUND HERE. WE MUST HAVE ARMS AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND A RADIO... YES, DAVOS, I'LL STAY WITH YOU!



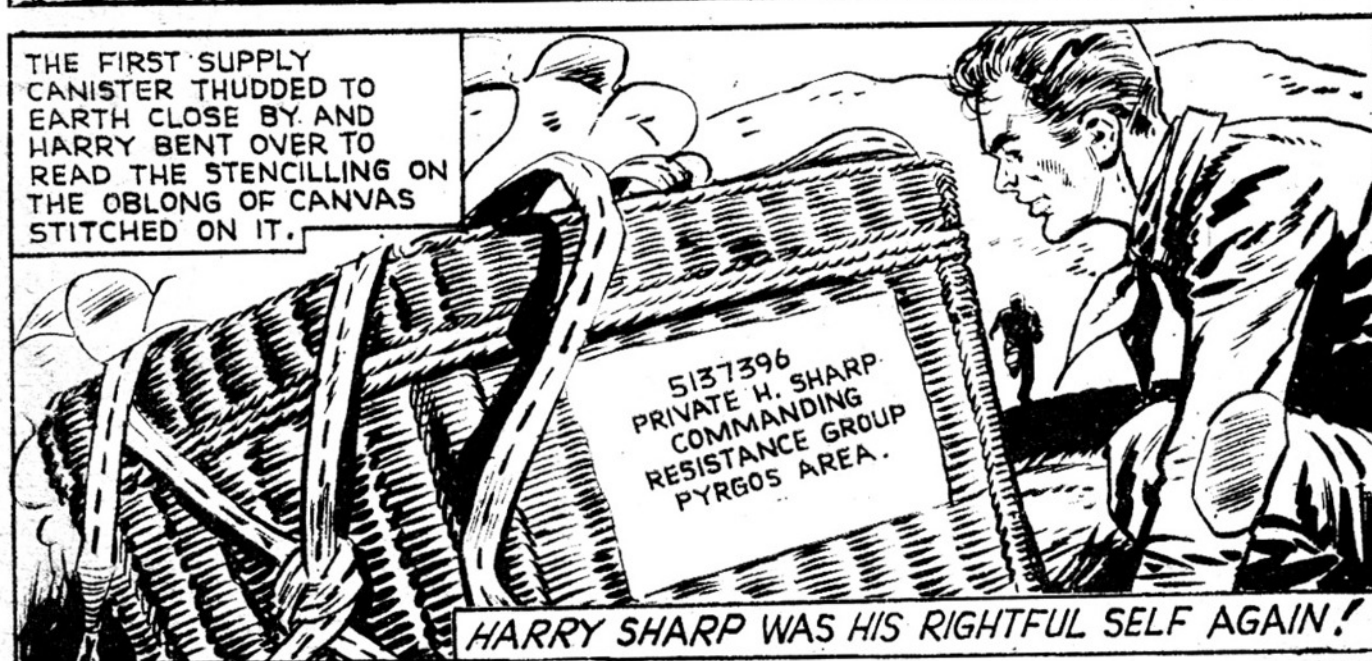
THREE MONTHS LATER ON A DESOLATE GREEK HILLSIDE, HARRY SHARP STOOD WITH HIS BAND OF PARTISANS. OVERHEAD SWOOPED A ROYAL AIR FORCE DAKOTA.

OUR FIRST DROP OF SUPPLIES, DAVOS. AT LAST OUR MESSAGES GOT THROUGH TO CAIRO...

... AND AT LAST WE SHALL HAVE THE WEAPONS WE NEED.



THE FIRST SUPPLY CANISTER THUDDED TO EARTH CLOSE BY AND HARRY BENT OVER TO READ THE STENCILLING ON THE OBLONG OF CANVAS STITCHED ON IT.



HARRY SHARP WAS HIS RIGHTFUL SELF AGAIN!

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